

The Salt Lake Evening *News* published the following in its issue of Feb. 13th, and on the day following the Mining Journal called attention to the acrostic. For a church organ, the poetry, if set to music, would make an impressive anthem. Particular attention is directed to the acrostic beauties of this gem. Alternatives are sometimes adopted with newspaper people to keep things right, but are rarely made as expressive as in this instance:

Omaha, Cozzen's Hotel,
Feb. 7, 1873.

Editor Deseret News:

Sir—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper and my feelings, I must say, are in accordance with the sentiments expressed therein.

I am a great admirer of Brigham Young and think he has done much to ameliorate the conditions of his fellow man. He is to my mind the greatest pioneer of this the nineteenth century, and also the best abused man.

I have been lately a resident of Utah, having worked hard in the mines there, and eventually succeeded in making a sufficient raise to enable me to return and settle down in my native State, New York, whither I am now going.

I beg to enclose a few lines addressed to Brigham Young. I am, Sir, yours obediently,
Ephraim Bolivan.

TO BRIGHAM YOUNG.

Brigham, the pioneer of the West,

America is proud of you to-day:

Right gladly does she rank you with the best

She's had of sons who've bravely paved the way,

I mean the way to peace, as well as plenty,

Offered to all who choose to toil,

Giving good chance to nineteen out of twenty

New comers to this rich and fertile soil.

Has fame not said alike to one and all

Of Utah that she is the richest land on earth,

A perfect mine of glittering mineral?

Foremost she leads the ranks of sterling worth;

Mammon, for which poor human kind is striving

Abundant is within this peaceful land.

You are the man who've aided us in thriving—

Brigham we offer you our thankful hand.

Of hardships you have had a larger share,

I think, than falls to lot of many a man.

Utah a sterile desert was and bare,

The dreary face you first did scan.

No matter, you a mighty work have done.

Columbia's sons united voices raise,

Greeting as one, the noble acts of one

Her sons can ne'er forget, ne'er cease to praise.